But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Christ. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
S. Christ. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day, that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their mai
Now *Margarets* curse is fallen vpo
When he quoth she, shall split thy
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophe
Come sirs, conuey me to the block
Wrong hath but wrong, and blam

Enter Richmond with dru m

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of ty
Thus farre into the bowels of the l
Haue we marcht on without imped
And heere receiue we from our Fat
Lines of faire comfort, and encour
The wretched, bloodie, and vsurpi
That spoil'd your sommer-field, a
Swils your warme blood like wash,
In your imboweld bosomes, this fo
Lies now euen in the center of this
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as
From *Tamworth* thither, is but on
In Gods name cheare on, couragi
To reape the haruest of perpetual
By this one bloudie triall of sharp
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience
To fight against that bloudie hor
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his frien
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, bu
Which in his greatest need will sh
Rich. All for our vantage, then
True hope is swift, and flies with s
Kings it makes Gods, and meane

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcl

King. Heere pitch our tents, euc
Why how now *Catesby*, why look
Cat. My heart is ten times ligh
King. *Norfolke*, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes, h
Nor. We must both giue and t
King. Vp with my tent there, h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)